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48 SOUTH BROADWAY

# The Times

LOS ANGELES

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1901.

In One Part: 16 Pages.

ON ALL NEWS STANDS: 5 CENTS

## BROUGHT BACK DEAD TO HIS HOME PEOPLE.

Home of Sorrowing for Well-beloved President Reached at Canton.

Illustrious Career Forgotten in Loss of One Who Was Like a Personal Friend to Majority of the Mourners.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

CANTON (O.) Sept. 18.—[Exclusive.] At 2:15 o'clock this morning the clock in the tower of the courthouse here was stopped. Just as previous a mighty hand had been silent as the black-faced clock is now, Canton has been since Friday a sad and silent city. The President's death has been a shock to the country, but it meant anguish

of the feeling which evidently lies deep-seated in all.

FUNERAL MARCH. The funeral march up the main street of Canton this morning was an impressive one, more so even than

that gorgeous pageant that filed down Pennsylvania avenue yesterday in the drizzling rain, for it brought to the memories of those who lined the way the buoyant, heartsome departure just two weeks before, when the President and his wife left here in their best health, after a summer's rest at their home they both loved. Those remains have lain in state all the afternoon in the Courthouse, and as steady a throng has pressed to view them as came in the populous cities of Buffalo and Washington.

The people of the country, for a radius of 100 miles, are pouring into Canton. Stark county, of which this is the county seat, has a population of about one hundred thousand. There is already that number of people in the city, and it is expected that this will be increased by tomorrow by half as many more. Every house is turned into sleeping apartments, and every vacant store into a temporary restaurant. Every freight train in the city has been taken away, and the side tracks are filled with passenger coaches, which are being occupied to-night by the visitors who came in from the country.

The Presidential party, including the Cabinet members, prominent Senators, the Diplomatic Corps, the generals and the admirals, numbering seventy-five in all, are at the

house of George Harter, an old friend of the McKinleys. Mrs. McKinley is bearing up bravely, and is expected to be present at the ceremonies tomorrow, which include services at the Methodist Church in the morning and at the vault in the afternoon. The burial will not be in the McKinley family plot, which occupies a beautiful site in the northern portion of the cemetery, but in the West Lawn burial vault, a work of solid granite built into the solid earth. It has a massive appearance, commensurate with the known dignity of the dead President's character.

WITH SHELTERING ARMS.

CANTON RECEIVES ITS HERO. [BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.] CANTON, Sept. 18.—Tenderly and reverently, those who had known William McKinley best today received his martyred body into their arms. They had forgotten the illustrious career of the statesman in the loss of a great personal friend who had grown dearer to them with the passing of the years. They hardly noticed the President of the United States or his Cabinet, or the generals and admirals in their resplendent uniforms. The flag-draped casket, which contained the body of their friend and fellow-townman held all their thoughts. He had left them two weeks ago this very day, in the full

tide of strength of a glorious manhood, and they had brought him back dead. Anguish was in the heart of every man, woman and child. The entire population of the little city and thousands from all over Ohio; the full strength of the National Guard of the State—eight regiments, three batteries of artillery, one battalion of engineers, 5000 men in all—the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor and a Justice of the Supreme Court, representing the three branches of the State government, were at the station to receive the remains.

The whole town was in deep black. The only house in all this sorrow-stricken city without a touch of mourning drapery was the old McKinley cottage on North Market street, to which so many distinguished men in the country have made pilgrimages in the days that are gone. The blinds were drawn, but there was no outward token of the blow that had robbed it of its most precious possession. The flowers bloomed on the lawn as they did two weeks ago. There was not even a bow of crape on the door when the stricken widow was carried by Abner McKinley and Dr. Rixey through it into the darkened home from which the light for her had flown forever. Only the hitching post at the curb in

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.)

## BODY LIES IN STATE AT THE COURTHOUSE.

Schoolmates, Neighbors and His Old Friends Take a Last Look.

After President Roosevelt and High Officers of State Pass by the Human Tide Flows Steadily All Afternoon.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.]

CANTON (O.) Sept. 18.—The casket containing President McKinley's remains was borne to the Courthouse amid vast throngs of people, lining the streets and packed within the

Courthouse square. There it was deposited within the central chamber. President Roosevelt and the members of the Cabinet were the first to pass by the bier, followed by the highest officers of the army and navy, Senator Hanna and many others high in public life. Later the public was admitted to the chamber, and thousands viewed the remains. Mrs. McKinley and the relatives did not go to the Courthouse.

Throughout the afternoon the human tide pressed steadily forward to the bier. Four abreast, in double line, without a moment's halt, the people hurried by the casket, and then, with tear-stained faces, passed out of the darkened chamber into the bright sunlight. In the line were those representing all stations in life, all ages, all conditions. At one moment an old man, bent and withered, who had known "Mother" McKinley, tottered up to gaze upon the silent features. He was followed by a man of middle age, who had gone to school with McKinley. Over on one side was the Knight Templar, who had marched beside McKinley in parades. All who came had some recollection of personal relation with the man lying there cold in death.

Fathers brought their children and held them over the bier for a fleeting glance at the upturned face. A sleeping baby was aroused by its mother for a night that its little mind could not comprehend. Tolders came from the factories and dinner pails in hand, trooped by the bier of him whom they called their benefactor and their friend. Now and then knots of school-children hurried past, awestruck at the gloom of the chamber of death. Often the guarding soldiers were compelled to step forward and gently restrain a hand that sought to pick a bud from off the flower-laden casket.

EXPRESSED THEIR ANGUISH.

It was plain that a great flood of emotion was welling up in the hearts of these sorrowing people. Strong men made no concealment of their grief, their tense faces and tearful eyes telling the sense of personal bereavement which had come upon them. Many women wept, and during the afternoon, one young girl gave way to her feelings by loud wails which echoed through the darkened corridors.

As the people hurried by they gave expression to suppressed exclamations of anguish at the sight of the pinched face lying there in the coffin. It was not the face they had known so well, and almost without exception the people turned away regretful that they had not retained in their minds that picture of many vigor which they knew so well. Many of his nearest friends refrained from looking upon the face, preferring to preserve the memory of him as in life.

A VETERAN'S LOVE.

Late in the afternoon, an aged man, leaning upon two crutches which he managed with difficulty, appeared at the door through which the people were making their exit. He asked the

## COLUMBIA WEEPS OVER THE CORSE OF AN IMMORTAL.

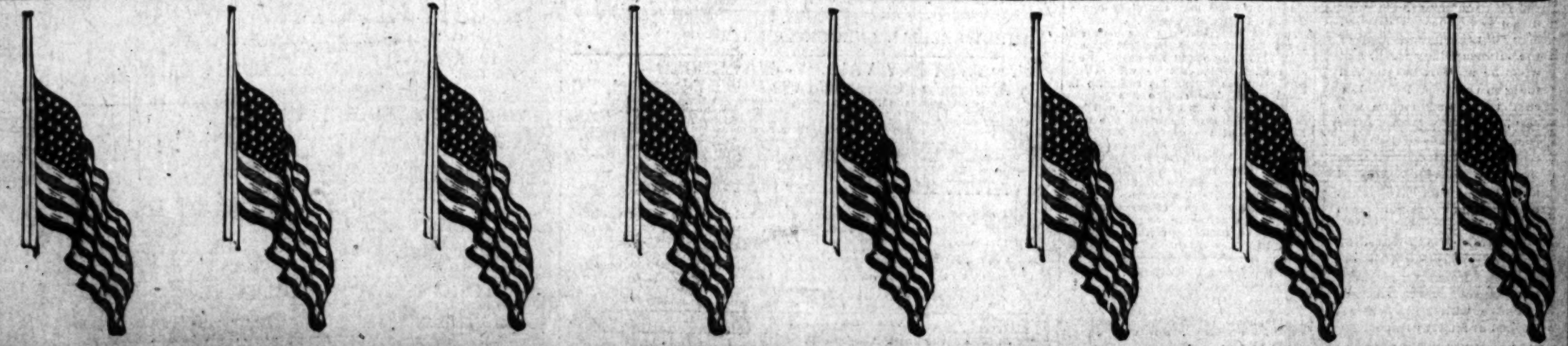


### RESURGAM.

I.  
Futile your wrath, O, ye who strove  
To rob him of his life's just meed,  
The harvest of our grateful love.  
What have ye garnered of your deed?  
His quiet rest beneath the sod  
His body takes. His life work done,  
His soul keeps holiday with God.

II.  
'Tis true our flag now bears a stain,  
Our flag with sable emblem furled.  
But we will cleanse its folds again  
And fling it wide unto the world;  
By every pang his pure heart bore,  
That quiet heart from pain now free,  
We vow our covenant once more  
Our holy pledge to liberty.

III.  
And so his spirit, true and just,  
Shall move with us in happier days,  
And blooming from his sacred dust,  
His actions guide us in our ways,  
LOU. V. CHAPIN.







**Imperial Guests Insensible to  
Crowds Behind the  
Massed Troops.**

most vigilance was exercised along the railroad track. The train dashed through a double row of bayonets and machine guns, as the infantry was reinforced by regiments of dragoons and engineers. In some cases a double line of troops was on each side of the

**AT NEW YORK HOTELS.**  
NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—[Exclusive patch.] W. R. Bird is at the Crittenden; J. S. Chapman and wife and the see Chapman at the Waldorf; E. Capps of San Diego, at the Murray

*Discovery of Rich Nevada Ore.  
Dimmick Case—Santa  
Clara Fruit.*

air of the prisoner, made a motion to quash the indictments on the ground that felony and embezzlement joined together in the indictments, when the law required that separate indictments should have been found. The prosecution argued that there was nothing in the point set forth by Collins, and cited

**Case Taken Up in Carson City.  
Startling Developments  
Promised.**

Council-in-Chief, J. B. ADAMS, Atlantic City, N. J.  
C. J. POST, Grand Rapids.  
E. F. BUCK, Peoria.

The case of the profoundly-lamented President may be set down as

**JAMES F. REED.**

carpets in a minute and by experts.

—♦—

**Dinner Owned Jointly by  
and Myers—But One  
Name Appeared.**

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**Great Fall Shoe Sale**  
 ...ality will rule the day during the  
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 Spring St.

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 ...e furions, handicap, purse \$350  
 ...Kelley won, Gold Baron second  
 ...ade third; time 1:02 1/4.  
 ...Surings, handicap, purse \$350







## THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

H. G. OTIS, President and General Manager.  
HARRY CHANDLER, Vice-President and Assistant General Manager.  
MARIAN OTIS-CHANDLER, Secretary. ALBERT McFARLAND, Treasurer.

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## REST, GREAT PRESIDENT!

In sorrow unspeakable, America today consigns to eternal rest in the bosom of the land he loved and served with matchless credit and with surpassing ability, the mortal remains of one of the nation's immortals, William McKinley.

The grief of the populace is marked by dusky emblems and by half-masted ensigns across the breadth of the continent, and from the northern to the southern boundaries of the republic, yet these but faintly typify the sadness that reigns in the hearts and that mingles the eyes of the countrymen of the statesman, the soldier, the President, the man of men who lies dead in the modest American home at Canton.

The sadness is far deeper than that which is wont to mark the fall of one lofty in the State—it is the sorrow such as comes from the death of one in the home. It is as if a father had been taken, and every patriotic American feels, in the loss of the great President, a sense of personal bereavement. The tears that will be shed today wherever American hearts beat will be as the dew upon the meadow grasses; they will be universal—not tears called up by eloquent phrases or forensic brilliancy, but the honest tears of an admiring people, touched by the very quick of their sensibilities and affections. And greater tribute no man could have than this.

But William McKinley belongs to the ages. As he is crowned with the love of the people, whom he served with unswerving integrity and with an unflinching ability, today, so shall he be crowned by the laurels of fame through all the years until the monuments of earth crumble into dust and until the last star of the banner of stars shall have been lost to the sky where now they are set in glory.

As his countrymen now consider his gentleness; his tender domestic devotion; his splendid loyalty; his faith in the people; his confidence in the institutions of America; his steadfastness to every duty, however small or however great that duty, so shall the history of his native land invite to the consideration of all those who shall come after us his genius in statesmanship; his wise counseling; his valiant defense of his country; his spirit of pacification; his powerful patience amid trials; and his unwavering strength under monstrous burdens, thus placing his name forevermore beside the other great spirits that have embosomed the human character and name with immortality.

Rest, great President, and may thy sleep be as sweet as is the memory of thy great deeds in the hearts of this brave and loyal people!

Though these hours be of bitterness to your people, great President, they shall out of their deep sorrow gain some lessons of good for the country that has been engulfed in mourning by your martyrdom. And when the sackcloth of these days of darkness shall have been folded and laid away, when the flags once more fly at the peaks of the spars, they will betake themselves to the duty of cleansing the State, thus to show to the world that you did not die in vain!

William McKinley, thou splendid spirit who hath gone before, hail and farewell!

## IMMORTALITY OF GREATNESS.

"A great life never dies. Great deeds are imperishable; great names immortal." These words, spoken by President William McKinley at the dedication of the Grant Monument in New York, on April 27, 1897, are eternally true, and they apply to him who uttered them with the same force as to him whose life suggested their utterance. Now let us what the President further said of Gen. Grant less true of him whom the nation mourns so deeply today. "Gen. Grant's services and character," said he, "will continue undiminished in influence, and advance in the estimation of mankind so long as liberty remains the cornerstone of free government and integrity of life the guarantee of good citizenship. . . . His individuality, his bearing and speech, his simple ways, had a flavor of rare and unique distinction, and his Americanism was so true and uncompromising that his name will stand for all time as the embodiment of liberty, loyalty and national unity."

It is without doubt entirely within the bounds of truth to say that in the entire history of mankind the death of no man has ever been so sincerely mourned by so great a number of people as is that of William McKinley.

## WILLIAM MCKINLEY'S GREAT LIFE-WORK.

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." William McKinley was of those great men who achieve greatness. Of humble origin, the victories which he achieved in life were won step by step, by reason of his rare personal courage, tact, energy, integrity, firmness, self-command, and patriotic devotion to his country's good. Through the consistent exercise of these and all the many virtues, he achieved the highest position of civic honor and greatness that it is within the power of men to bestow. And he bore the supreme honors to which he had attained with the becoming modesty and self-effacement which characterize the truly great.

Crowned with the highest honors that men can offer, he was still the quiet gentleman, the modest citizen, the loving husband, and the kindly friend of all who were privileged to know him personally.

In all the tests that come to men in the course of an active life, William McKinley was found true—true to himself and to the right as he saw it. His life-work, both public and private, will bear the closest scrutiny that can be given it. In all respects it was triumphant, admirable and noble. His name and fame will grow with the years and increase with the ages. His place is among the world's immortals.

To few men is it given to achieve so much, within the brief span of this earthly life, as was achieved by William McKinley. It was possible only through strenuous endeavor and singleness of purpose. But it was a singleness of purpose, and one of the secrets of his success, that whatever work he undertook received his earnest and devoted effort, amounting, sometimes, to consecration. He had great power of concentration, coupled with much steadfastness of purpose, and remarkable ability to foresee consequences. He had abundant initiative, but it was always held in check by wise prudence. For the people he had sincere love, and his respect for the will of the people amounted to reverence. It is no wonder that the people loved and revered him in return.

The life of William McKinley stands as a model for all men. The nearer his countrymen approach to the high ideals which his life-work has established, the better will they be, as men and as citizens. His career is typically American, as he was himself a type of all that is highest and best in American citizenship.

A brief glance over the more prominent events of Mr. McKinley's life shows that in no country save his beloved America would such a career have been possible. Entering the army as a private soldier at the age of 14, he won promotion by reason of courage, ability and intelligent devotion to duty—the same qualities that distinguished him in after life. Mr. McKinley was wont to refer to the severe discipline of his army life as one of the most beneficial of the influences which contributed to the shaping of his character, and there is no doubt that such was the case. His record as a soldier endeared him alike to his superior officers and to his fellow-soldiers. "We soon found," said Rutherford B. Hayes, his old commander, and afterward President of the United States, "that in business and executive ability he was of rare capacity, for a boy of his age. When matters were fought or a service was to be performed in warlike things he always took his place. When I became commander of the regiment he soon came to be on my staff, and he remained on my staff for one or two years, so that I did, literally and in fact, know him like a book and love him like a brother."

His services to his country as a soldier were characterized by the intrepid performance of whatever duty was assigned him. When he was mustered out, on June 24, 1865, after having served four years in the war and having been promoted to a captaincy, he enjoyed the distinction of having actively participated in every engagement in which his regiment, the celebrated Twenty-third Ohio, took part. After the war he took up the study of the law, and soon attained to a promising position in that profession. But he had a pronounced taste for politics, and attracted wide attention by reason of his active and able work in local and State campaigns. His public career really began in 1878, when he was elected to Congress, winning a signal victory in the face of strong opposition. For fourteen years he remained in Congress, and in that position he won a national reputation which paved the way for the more exalted honors which his countrymen were to bestow upon him in the future. He easily took and as easily maintained a leading position in the House of Representatives. Some of the more important laws of the na-

tion bear the stamp of his individuality and the seal of his wise judgment. The measure known as the McKinley tariff, which was enacted in 1890, was one of the wisest laws ever placed upon the statute books of the nation. Under its operation the foreign trade of the nation rose in 1892 to the highest point it had ever reached at that time, the exports alone passing the billion-dollar mark.

The McKinley tariff was the prototype of the Dingley tariff, now in force, under which the country has prospered as never before in its history. There is no good reason to doubt that the nation would have similarly prospered under the McKinley law, had it remained in force, unchallenged, for a sufficient length of time. But, by one of those curious reversals of political complexion to which the House of Representatives is subject, the Republican majority in that body was changed to a Democratic majority in the election of 1890, and in 1892—the year in which our foreign trade reached higher water mark under the McKinley law—both houses of Congress passed under control of the opponents of protection, with a Democratic President in the chair. Thus the prosperity which should, and probably would, have resulted from the McKinley law, was prevented by the menace of free trade, and we had the panic years of 1893 to 1896. These were succeeded by the marvelous prosperity which followed the election of William McKinley to the Presidency in 1896, and the enactment of the present tariff, which was based upon that bearing the name of the martyred President.

The great events which were crowded into the first term of President McKinley are so vividly impressed upon the minds of every American that they need not here be dwelt upon at length. Weightier responsibilities are seldom thrust upon any man than those which our departed Chief was called to bear. Does any person need to be reminded how superbly President McKinley met all the demands that were made upon him? Through the pregnant days of the war with Spain, he guided the ship of state with a firm but wise hand, keeping steadily in sight his country's honor and his country's good. The magnificent confidence which Congress reposed in him when it placed \$50,000,000 in his hands, unhampered by conditions, was not misplaced. He was faithful to every trust, and events which have now passed into history have fully vindicated the wisdom of his statesmanship and the consummate tact with which he managed the affairs of this great nation through some of the most crucial and eventful years of its history.

Under the guidance of President McKinley, our country has taken the place to which it is entitled as a great world-power; the place to which our duty calls us as the leading nation on earth. It is a gratification and a comfort to know that the wise policies which he planned are to be continued by his successor. In this fact lies a strong guaranty that the wheels of progress will not be turned backward, but that we shall go steadily forward to fulfill the high destiny which is before us.

Though William McKinley lives no more in the flesh, his spirit is still with us, and his wisdom is still potent to shape the progress of events. His last public utterance, shortly before the bullet of the vile assassin laid him low, will furnish a cue for the legislation of the near future; and his lofty ideals and splendid personality will furnish an inspiration and a guide for his countrymen for all time.

Peace be to his ashes, and comfort in all possible abundance to the sweet and faithful wife whom his death has left with no other spiritual support save her faith in Almighty God, and the tender love of seventy millions of people.

## LOS ANGELES VICTORY.

The merchants of Los Angeles, and indeed all who are interested in the progress and prosperity of the city, may be congratulated on the outcome of the plucky and protracted fight which they have made with the Southern Pacific company, for rates between Los Angeles and points in the San Joaquin Valley—rates that will enable our merchants to compete on even terms with those of San Francisco. The Times has already explained the nature of this contest, which has at length been decided in favor of the Los Angeles people, after much stubborn opposition on the part of the Southern Pacific company, represented by Mr. Stubbs, who has since been moved to Chicago. In brief, the injustice complained of by Los Angeles merchants was the fact that they were discriminated against in being charged much higher rates to points in the San Joaquin Valley than were paid by the merchants of San Francisco. The Southern Pacific company tried to excuse its action on the ground that the heavy grades of the Tehachepel necessitated a higher charge. When, however, the new coast line was opened, it was shown that they took exactly an opposite stand in relation to the heavy grades north of San Luis Obispo.

An association, known as the Los Angeles Jobbers' Association, was formed, and a strong and systematic fight was put up by this organization through its president, attorney and secretary against the Southern Pacific company, to compel it to come to terms. Not only was the fight carried on in the courts, but the Los Angeles merchants took other means to make an impression on the arrogant railroad officials in the San Francisco headquarters, by diverting as much as possible of their freight to the Southern Pacific's rival, the Santa Fe. Whether it was this, or a belief that

they would eventually lose in the courts, or a hint from some railroad official who has more power even than Mr. Stubbs, the company has at length met the Los Angeles merchants considerably more than half way, by selecting Delano as the dividing line on freight rates. This is not far from Goshen, the point which the merchants desired to have selected as the half-way station. It will be a big improvement over existing rates, and will open up to our merchants a large extent of valuable territory, in which they have hitherto been unable to compete on even terms with San Francisco.

The successful termination of this affair furnishes another evidence—if any were required—of the fact that the Los Angeles people are fighters "from away back," and that when they go after anything which they believe they have a right to, or to aspire to, they generally manage to get it.

Senator Dewey's forceful words, in which he declares that "we must stop the passing of European anarchy from pouring into this country," are words which will find lodgment in every loyal American heart. This nation and its Chief Executive are not safe so long as there are open to such a lawless element.

Never before in the history of America has there been such universal grief felt as for the death of William McKinley, and today throughout this nation the people, irrespective of party creed, unite in paying tribute to the memory of the "man who loved the people and who was beloved in return."

The love and esteem in which President McKinley was held by the American people are evinced from the manner in which they lined the railroad track, and with bare heads and mournful faces, gazed sorrowfully at the funeral train on its sad journey to Canton.

William McKinley was a Christian; a man who honored God, and who lived his life in the service of his guiding of the nation. The sublime faith he had in a Divine Being is beautifully exemplified in his dying words: "Thy will, not ours, be done."

The South is just as expressive in its sympathy over the nation's loss as is the North. It remained for William McKinley to heal for all time the wounds which may have existed between the followers of Lee and those of Grant.

The beautiful domestic life of President McKinley, and his tender devotion to his frail wife, will ever be remembered by Californians. They show a trait in the character of the man which called forth the admiration of the world.

Two weeks ago, President McKinley left Canton, O., in the full strength of his mind. Little did the nation dream of such a return to his old home. Truly, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

The public career of William McKinley as President of the United States has made this country the grandest on earth, and the memory of his distinguished services will ever keep it to that lofty plane.

To Mrs. McKinley will go out the sympathy of seventy millions of people, and that God will grant her the strength and courage to bear her affliction is the prayer of every human heart.

Let there be no levity nor fun-making today. The solemnity of the sad occasion should be rigidly observed by every loyal American heart.

Millions of people, the world over, weep today, as America's Chief is tenderly and reverently laid in the grave. Let every flag in Los Angeles be half-masted today, and all labor cease. Pay tribute to the nation's dead.

William McKinley, our beloved President, be at ease, for his life and deeds are immortal.

Let us not forget that this is not a holiday, but a holy day.

How the head in reverence for our martyred dead.

LETTERS TO THE TIMES.

The Times freely publishes the views of correspondents without holding itself responsible for the opinions expressed. The space of 200 words, on the average, is sufficient for the expression of an idea.

ity of grief that is not limited by the seas. Tears unbidden fall each time we think of our martyred President. Yet as I thought of the words of the psalmist: "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord," one sweetly pleasing thought came to me.

Theodore Roosevelt is President, and as I remembered the meaning of the name, "Theodore," gift of God, my thought found expression in the accompanying acrostic.

The acrostic is crude, but in its crudity it expresses my faith in an all-wise God, and if we study the history of every chief, then colonel and Governor and now President Roosevelt, we are nominated against his express wishes, we can see that God in His infinite wisdom overruled him for His end.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The gift of God; oh, matchless thought! How gladly do we hail thee now; 'Tis thou' this gloomy pall doth hang On every heart, and hope seems fled; Deep gloom that seems so dark, so drear.

Over all this land, that's even the seas Refuse to limit or control its bounds, Each time 'tis said, "The President is dead."

Remember this, O sorrowing one, O'er all thy steps, o'er all thy ways, O'er all thy trials and all thy days, Supreme care, supreme love is meant:

Each pang of woe, each grief is sent, Vell'd thro' our eyes through faithless tears, Each "gift of God," how'er 'tis sent—Len' tho' this gloomy pall doth hang On every heart, and hope seems fled; Theodore Roosevelt is President.

EDWARD THOMAS HADEN.

Should Go to the Bottom.

LOS ANGELES, Sept. 14.—[To the Editor of The Times:] It is good to see the awakening that is manifest in all parts of this country to the necessity of taking vigorous steps to stamp out lawlessness and anarchy. But if we could only go to the bottom of all this and root out those things that finally lead to anarchy and lawlessness there would be glorious redemption for this fair land and righteousness would become the bulwark of the nation.

If the disrespect of the young for the old which is often seen could be blotted out and the honor to whom we owe our lives, inculcated into the very nature of those who are fast growing into manhood, and womanhood, a step in the right direction would have been taken. It is one of the great laws of nature that law begets law. Every unjust act, every wrong is a violence to the law of right, though there be no enactment covering the offense, and are seeds planted which sooner or later will bring forth more of its kind. Look at the violence and lawlessness manifest by the strikers in San Francisco, and the law-abiding citizen who is alive to their diabolical and contempt of the law—a foul blot on our beloved land! Do not all these lead to anarchy? More, are they not themselves a form of anarchy?

These are radical conditions which confront us, and radical measures are required to overcome them. If Congress will make anarchy the grossest treason, if it will make it known that acts of violence by strikers will not be tolerated by the general government, it will have taken steps which cannot but have a salutary effect.

DEVERLY W. WAGONER.

An Incident.

LOS ANGELES, Sept. 14.—[To the Editor of The Times:] The Presidential train had twenty minutes to wait for the changing of engines at Sacramento on Saturday afternoon, 25th day of May last. It arrived at half-past three on account of the serious illness of Mrs. McKinley, all public receptions and other matters were postponed.

But the populace craved an opportunity to look into the face of the man whom we all so justly loved—and it was granted.

The large space between the Southern Pacific depot and the Yolo Bridge in the railroad yards was crowded with people from every station in life. On account of the sharpness of the curve in the track from the bridge to the depot, the train was stalled, and for a few minutes the President appeared at the rear platform of the last car, which he came within a few feet of traveling. He began to greet the crowd. He took off his hat to every woman, and shook hands with every man, woman and child within his reach. Then the car moved to about midway between the bridge and the depot, where thousands of his countrymen were packed, waiting only for a glimpse of his kind countenance.

Right there occurred as glorious and impressive a scene as man can ever witness. Leaning over the platform of his car, the President met the glance of every citizen who came within his range of vision. Thousands fled by and grasped his hand. Mothers and fathers were there who poured out their souls in silence through their hands and their eyes. Children clasped him who will carry the memory of that eventful scene to their graves.

For full thirty minutes I restrained myself from pressing to the car so that I might express my thanks to that noblest citizen for a favor he had recently conferred upon one of my friends. And standing about thirty feet away I watched the greatest man in all the world—the ruler of the most magnificent portion of the human race—commune in silence with his countrymen as they moved past, satisfied even to catch a glimpse or perchance to touch palms with William McKinley—the noblest, most gracious, generous, patriotic and devoted citizen and statesman America has ever produced.

England's Queen pinned medals of honor upon the breasts of her wounded soldiers as they lay in the hospital, while she was wheeled in an invalid's chair; but William McKinley got closer to his people's hearts.

And right there in Sacramento, for the first time in fifty years, I am free to confess, I found big, hot tears rolling to the laps of my coat. They were not tears of joy, but of admiration! No wonder that today, when William McKinley's life has been taken, the millions are telling their silent tale of sympathy and sorrow!

CHARLES J. FOX.

National Monument by Blue and Gray.

## IN MEMORIAM.

INSCRIBED TO THE WIDOW OF OUR LATE PRESIDENT.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

Sister! For in thine agonizing hour, Brethren and sisters all God's children are. As watchfully, devotedly toward thee Outstretch their hearts, to solace and aid—The President's grief, the President's pain.

To give expression of their poignant woe; Our will to comfort, ever know, is thine.

Our martyred brother's anthem has been sung By every heart in this grief-stricken land—This orchestration entering heaven's gate.

And justifying, to the Omnipotent mind, Our sympathy for our departed Chief, The dead obeying, as by his last words, Enjoined, reluctantly, we yield: "God will!"

And now our floral offerings we lay Upon the bier of his mortality, And render earth's last testimonial.

Yet endeth not our obligation here; There bideeth in our souls a vital care—Due to our deep and solemn duty to thee, For know, thy sad bereavement, Sister, ours;

Kin of us all art thou by that Fell Brood, Which tore from thee, unwarned, thy Other Self, And robbed of its Appointed Head the State.

Not human speech can word our bitter grief To know that in this hospitable clime Can dwell a foe to Order and the Law, Before which every citizen hath equal right.

And from our borderland upon the seas (So late thy loyal, happy harborage, When met we gladsome, undisturbed, In union with seventy million tongues, As gather we—of one accord—today, From every quarter of our Common Soil,

Ascends the cry, with a reverberance so loud, Its echo never shall be forgot or lost: "Oh! Shameless, forgotten, dastard is the Thought Can foster Discord leads to Crime like this! Exiled shall be thy Brood from Freedom's Hearth!"

But unto thee and all thy countrymen, To recognize the trial of this Hour—When drawn aside the cruel shade envelops—Shall be our knowledge that thy husband Endured beyond the privilege of his kith, In that he rose from Earth, by Martyr's Call, For warning of our dire emergency.

Through him hath heaven emphasized the need Of fortifying Order's bastions Against the mad assaults of Anarchy—Of safe-in-trenching Honest Government.

Against its wreck, in chaos, by the Mob! Know, Sister, for a verity, 'tis writ: Up from McKinley's ashes shall arise—To permeate the universal heart—That aspiration for the common good, And love of freedom and of country, his;

That sentiment of justice, also, his; That hatred of discord, or of less his; That scorn of fraud and pretense, likewise his; And that broad patience and humanity So manifestly his—above his peers—(All designating him: Man of the Hour! SCOTT R. SHERWOOD.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Through troubled seas he steered the ship of state, To harbor quiet and serene; Not claiming greatness, yet we found him great—Simple and strong and clean.

Third of our martyrs and co-equal he, With those death-crowned before, Immortal ever, and from malice free, Henceforth forever more.

May some good angel from the heaven only hoot, And land ineffable, Bear back our praises, that they be not lost, To him who served so well.

And with the crown that the immortals wear, Of conflict won, Our tardy praises find an echo there, "With God," "Well done," J. W. TUCKER.

Long Beach, Cal.

OUR PRESIDENT'S DYING PRAYER.

Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; Nearer to Thee; This is the Father's way, Grant I may meet Thee, With light from endless day, The hand that leadeth me, Nearer to Thee.

## "ROUND PRESIDENT."

The following lines, known to all, on the morning of the President's death, were spread all over the Nation in the dead of the night.

The strong and the weak, The light and the dark, Has waned in its hour, And the President's grave, The President's grave, The President's grave.

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